

Iron County Register.

By H. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE MAN AND THE HOG.

How a Mysterious Killing Was Satisfactorily Accounted For in the Southern Country.

A few days ago I was guiding a party of Kansas City hunters after wild turkeys, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. As we stepped across Lafferty creek we stepped on a dead man—ugh. A hog lay by his side, as dead as the man. By the "razor-back" lay an unloaded gun. On the man's coat was pinned a piece of paper, and on it written these strange words, the mysterious problem: "I killed the hog, and the hog killed me."

We all read it over and over; we looked at each other; we looked around; we looked up, and we looked silly. There was no solution. It was nothing to joke about, standing there on the bank of the White river in the thin, high weeds and the low, thick fog, over a murder. The silence was oppressive. A posse to arrest us for murder would have been some relief.

As the mist passed away about a dozen faded-looking men came into view; like a photographer developing a negative, from nothing outlines, forms and faces appeared. These people, with clothes the shade of old lumber, long hair and beards, closed in around us from all directions out of the tall grass. Not a word was said. They didn't appear to notice us; we stood aside while they closed in around the dead man and the dead hog.

It slowly seeped through our heads that this was a coroner's jury. That two or three minutes was to us like two or three hours; that kind of silence would try the nerve of the bravest man on earth; what must it have been to us city fellows? The coroner, just out of the field covered with seed cotton, said: "Now, the law 'gainst totin' weapons an' you know your duty." Just then every one of them ran his hands down into his pocket and pulled out a knife. Then all squatted down on the ground and, sitting on their heels, picked up little sticks and whittled while the coroner read the law in the case.

They buried the man and hog side by side, and rammed the ramrod and gun-barrel down at his head and made a headboard of the gunstock. Their official duty having been performed, they silently stole away, and left us alone with the dead. Curtis asked the old farmer that came up just then for an explanation.

"Well, I tell yer 'ot it is, mister," said he, after getting out his knife, "hit's this 'er way. You see, that's some orn'ry cusses 'round here; we got no hogs, nor nuthin' else. When they get out'n't ment they goes out inter the woods an' kill the fust hog they come to; hit's a penitentiary act to do hit, but yer can't catch him at it. So we'n you do, just shoot 'im an' nobody won't make no fuss about hit. So that's the way somebody done this feller, an' writ that on the paper to make it 'pear like he killed hisself, an' the coroner he took hit for evidence, an' that's the way 'ot hit."

Taylor got down on his hands and knees to see what was scratched on the gun stock with a knife, and read this epitaph: "I killed the hog and the hog killed me."

BITS OF FEMININITY.

Various Items of Dress That Are Now in Favor with Followers of the Fashions.

Waists buttoning in the back will be worn, but majority of the 1902 models show the usual button fastening in the front, says the Detroit Free Press.

White nun's veiling, silky madras, silk corded Scotch gingham and wash silk waists are none too light for January wearing if a sufficiently heavy wrap covers them. Hats made of white tulle, with brims of white fur, or of the new material, which milliners call "fuzzy," embroidered in gold or pearls, are novel and almost invariably becoming.

Huge fur collars decorated on the inside with grained cream lace, which continues down the front in a jabot or ties like a scarf, are very becoming. This decoration is also used on jackets and muffs, and sometimes a frill of lace is added at the wrist of the coat sleeve.

White satin and white brocade gowns are much worn, the white satin embroidered with the new palmettes of mother of pearl or gold, while the brocade figures are outlined with palmettes also.

Benefit of Exercise.

Next to bodily cleanliness, exercise may be reckoned as the greatest aid to beauty. In fact, exercise is almost necessary to cleanliness, for it is a great incentive to perspiration, which is nature's way of throwing the impurities of the body to the surface of the skin, from whence they are then removed by the use of water. Open-air exercise should be taken every day, but according to strength. One should return home after walking, riding or cycling with a sense of being pleasantly fatigued, but without any feeling of exhaustion. Exercise should be taken regularly, and if possible, dumb-bells should be used night and morning. The corset should not be worn while exercising with dumb-bells. Skipping is an excellent exercise for the figure, and it is one of which our grandmothers were fond. It is usual with children to throw the rope forward when skipping, but it is far better to throw it backward, for it expands the chest much better.—Detroit Free Press.

Pickled Turnips.

Cold boiled turnips, sliced, make very good pickles. Soak vinegar sufficient to cover them; add spices; sweeten to taste; let them become cool before using them. Carrots, beets, cabbage and beans can all be pickled in this way.—Ladies' World, New York.

Washington, His Wife and Mother.



(This picture of Washington is a direct reproduction of the famous Stuart painting.)

Washington As An Athlete

COULD PITCH AN IRON BAR FARTHER THAN ANY OTHER MAN OF HIS TIME.

WASHINGTON was the champion of athletic games, and the power of his hand and arm was displayed in several memorable instances. He flung a stone across the Rappahannock, and in 1772, when he was 40 years of age, he could pitch an iron bar farther than any man of his time. The story of his throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac lacks actual confirmation, and it must have surely been a feat of later years, as the silver dollar was less common then than now. It might have been a Spanish or Mexican dollar. The explanation that a dollar went further in those days than this is almost as old as the story.

Among the amusing stories of our first president told in minor history and in legendary lore are those which endow him with marvellous powers of endurance, a giant's stature and hands of such size that none other ever equaled him, they being of gigantic dimensions. A pretty story of his first wooing, at the early age of 17, writes M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Times-Herald, introduces his hand with dramatic effect.

The time was the year of grace 1778, and the place was Mount Vernon, a beautiful romantic site in Fairfax county, Virginia, on the right bank of the Potomac, and within 15 miles of Washington, D. C., as it now stands. There it was that a small boy in roundabout and knickerbockers saw a gay cavalier exercising a pair of saddle horses, while he talked in the sylvan solitude, believing himself alone.

"Will you ride with me, Miss Mary?" Miss Mary, will you ride with me? May I have the honor of your company for a ride this afternoon? Sweet Mistress Mary, will you accept me for your gallant to ride at your stirrup, Peace, Queen Bess, or I'll larrup you with the whip! Whoa, jada! Sweet Mistress Mary, I am George Washington, at your command."

The small boy of that day was no improvement on his prototype of this. He answered in a flutlike voice with a mocking cadence:

"Marry now, sweet Mistress Mary, may I ride with you, or will you ride with me, or go alone at your own sweet will? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!"

The youngster laughed wickedly at the discomfiture of the youthful equestrian, who could not leave his horses to administer punishment, but

as he was the small brother of "Sweet Mary Gerrish" he accepted the bribe of an English deerhound to inform his sister that George Washington had come with a fine horse and sidesaddle to ask her to ride.

At that period George was 17 years old, and on this memorable ride the father of our country proposed after this fashion:

"Look at the hand, Miss Mary. It is yours!"

Miss Mary, who was several years older than her lovesick swain, gave a merry laugh.

"Why, what in the world would I do with that hand, Master Washington? I have two hands of my own!"

When he made his meaning clearer she informed him gently that she was already engaged to that Maj. Trenchum who afterward was arrested as a traitor, pardoned by Gen. Washington and sent back to England in a sloop-of-war. Washington did this at the solicitation of that "sweet Mistress Mary," and the mammoth hand she had refused and ridiculed received her parting kiss as a benediction when she thanked him and bade him farewell to follow her husband to his own country.

When La Fayette visited Mount Vernon for the last time he said to Mr. Custis, the stepson of Washington, while recalling a former visit:

"You were then holding by a single finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which was all that you could do, my dear sir, at that time."

We are told of that wonderful hand that if it cast it could have been preserved to be exhibited in these days of physical degeneracy it would be said to belong to a being of a fabulous age. His unusual size was not, however, a distinction of the age in which he lived, but taken together with his breadth of vision, his qualities as a leader and his executive ability, it made him in all requirements a great man. Napoleon I. was a pygmy when compared to Washington, but he greatly admired the man who could so successfully administer national affairs through a terrible crisis to a safe conclusion, and as he lamented his own small stature did he in proportion admire Washington's. Whenever he met one of our countrymen abroad he was certain to ask: "How is the greatest American, Washington?"

THE FAITH OF WASHINGTON

Not Only a Believer in Prayer, But a Man of Prayer.

Washington was reverent of everything that was sacred. The impression that the profane use of the name of God made upon him is shown by this order, issued while he was commander in chief of the army:

Headquarters, Moor's House, West Point, July 25, 1778. Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret the general observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of the Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking.

For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order, the general hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful. Words that ring as true as when they were uttered more than a hundred years ago.

Washington was not only a believer in prayer, but a man of prayer. Many instances of this are related. How on one occasion he sought shelter from a storm for the night at a house where he was unknown, and where, owing to the dangers of the war, he was received with fear and doubting, but when, after retiring to his room, the woman heard him in prayer, she exclaimed to her husband: "Now I know that he is a good man, and we are safe." The story of the sufferings of the little American army through that darksome winter at Valley Forge will be told as long as our history endures. And as part of it will endure the oft-told incident of how as the good old Quaker owner of the house Washington occupied as headquarters was out alone one day he was startled by hearing a solemn voice. Going toward it he saw a horse tied to a sapling tree, and then, half hidden by a thicket of underbrush, Washington himself on his knees in prayer: his

cheeks wet with his tears, as solitary and apart he prayed for help and guidance in that hour of extremity. It is not strange that good Mr. Potts should have been greatly moved by the sight, as hurrying home, with tears in his own eyes, he told his wife of what he had seen, adding: "If there is any man on earth that the Lord will listen to it is George Washington; and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there is no doubt but in the end we will establish our independence, and that God in His providence hath willed it so."—Adele E. Thompson, in Chicago Advance.

Early Presidential Receptions. At Washington's levees the president always appeared as a private gentleman, without the cooked hat of ceremony, and with no sword. All callers were seated, and the rich pound cake and plum cake of the day was handed around with tea and coffee and wine, a custom that was imperative in those days in good society. Every Friday evening Mrs. Washington received from eight to ten o'clock, and the most elegant and refined people attended those receptions, the license which admits the general public not having been extended. It was the day of a republican court, and rank, character and full dress were necessary to gain admittance.

An Englishman's Tribute. George Washington is as much one of our great English heroes as Alfred the Great or Shakespeare is one of yours. The robust nature, the ancestral speech, are the common prerogatives of our blood. And as the wildest dreamer in Great Britain cannot conceive our two peoples being other than independent nations to-day, we have nothing but honor for the hero who achieved the happy and inevitable separation.—Frederic Harrison.

WASHINGTON THE UNIFIER.

He Showed the Thirteen Colonies the Pathway to National Life—The Ideal American.

It seems no wonder at all, that after six years of terrible political distress, under the articles of confederation, Washington should be called to preside at the constitutional convention in Philadelphia. Characteristically, Washington, when summoned, was in western Virginia seeking how he might open up his lines of communication and natural highways by which the east and the west could be bound together, and the way made clear for that great procession westward of our advancing race which he foresaw. He was the great balance-wheel of the Philadelphia assembly of 1787, when sectional interests threatened disruption. He was the anchor of the ship of state when storms arose.

Made president, says the Sunday School Times, he, under God, showed us the true pathway of national life. It is difficult to realize the division, the weakness, the lack of coherence, in the country and the government, over a century ago. We were a "backwoods nation," between the mountains and the sea. The states were jealous of the each other and of the central government. Parties, such as they were, had inherited all the viciousness of the old organizations in Great Britain. The people were not welded together. One set wanted to be pro-French and the other pro-British.

When "Citizen Genet" came over to get men, ships, and money, and also to play, for selfish purposes, upon the gratitude which our fathers felt for French aid in the revolution, Washington took the right stand of neutrality. He showed that we were not to be hypnotized, Americans, as the manner of some is even in this day. He taught that the true patriot should be, not Irish or Dutch or Italian or Franco or British-American, but Americans without adjectives or politicians or printers' expedients. To Patrick Henry, Washington wrote: "I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves, and not for others." He wrote again: "My ardent desire is to keep the United States free from political connection with every other country, to see them independent of all, and under the influence of none."

No wonder that Washington left money to establish a national university, for he wrote: "It has always been a source of regret to me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purposes of education, often before their minds are formed."

Thus this wise and great man, who foresaw our national future, gave us, under God, the true principles of unity. Our fathers listened to his voice, pondered, took "sober second thought," and decided "right and happily" for themselves and us. Instead of scattering and degenerating, our country began to consolidate and grow. The nation, obeying the true instinct of development, began to expand toward the west. A great stream of population moved over the Alleghenies and to the Pacific. Now we look farther, yet let us remember.

It is good to notice, in the latest and scholarly "Washington the Soldier," by Gen. Henry B. Carrington, of the United States regular army, that the baseless legend of the commander in chief's profanity at Monmouth is effectually disproved. We may be ever grateful to God for the leader He gave us. Greater even than Washington the engineer, soldier, statesman, or sage, was Washington the American, the unifier.

Why Washington Is Honored. The hero whose memory we honor was not a man of genius or of the best intellectual culture, but he was a greater character—honest, simple, true, disinterested, incorruptible. He thought not of private gain nor of personal glory, nor of the aggrandizement of his country, but, believing with all his heart in the right of the people to govern themselves, he gave his time, his wealth, his life to make such government actual and permanent.—Bishop Spalding.

The Pillars of Happiness. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would they claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The more political, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them.—Washington, in His Farewell Address.

Only a Few Left. Cumso—The recurrence of Washington's birthday reminds us that the United States has attained to a respectable old age.

Cawker—Yes, indeed. Time flies, I don't suppose that more than 40 of Washington's nurses, or 60 of his body servants, are alive now.—Town Topics.

THE WAY IT LOOKED.



George called it his "little hatchet," but perhaps at the moment it looked and felt like this.—Chicago Daily News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So ancient is the city of Damascus, in Syria, that there is no record of its origin in any written histories.

The ancient Mexicans had a species of whistle which produced at least three tones. It had two finger holes and a mouthpiece on the side.

A Dublin paper, in a biography of Robespierre, says: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except one brother, who was killed at the same time."

The custom in France of posting on the dead walls of every commune throughout the country the speeches of ministers is to be discontinued. Every time it is done it costs the government \$60,000.

The Roman Catholic cathedral in London, now in course of erection, is 360 feet long and 156 feet wide. Apart from the site it has already cost \$750,000. The material used is red brick with Portland stone courses, and its Oriental decorative features suggest a mosque rather than a cathedral.

Archduchess Elizabeth relinquished all claim to the Austrian throne, but her wedding gifts included securities valued at \$1,000,000, a yearly allowance of \$250,000, jewelry valued at \$1,000,000, a gold dinner service and several residences. A woman with a layout like that can worry along quite comfortably without a throne.

The British war office is sending tons of old-fashioned flints to the troops in South Africa to supply smokers with a practical substitute for matches, which, it is said, soon become worthless because of the damp. One result of this resort to ancient methods of kindling fire is a revival of the old industry of "flint-knapping" in Norfolk.

The Palatine is one of the seven hills upon which Rome is built, and the only one which is now practically clear. The rest are covered with modern buildings, and the diggers and fillers and graders, the superintendents of streets and the architects of buildings have taken such liberties with the original topography that it strains the imagination to see them as they used to be.—Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.

HARD TO DECIPHER.

Post Office Clerks Are Given Much Trouble by Foreigners Sending Letters to This Country.

So many blindly addressed letters come through the post office that in the larger cities special clerks are employed to decipher them. Each office has special pride in its work, and keeps up a wholesome rivalry with the dead letter office at Washington, so that few badly addressed letters are given up as impossible. Mr. Ewan McPherson, writing in the Boston Herald, gives examples of some of the difficult problems and clever solutions.

Foreigners give the most trouble. The envelope, for example, addressed to "Spencer, Insea," where "Insea" stands for the initials N. C., is not likely to have been mailed by a native American; and the same is true of the envelope inscribed "W. Hobokny," in very bad German script, meaning "West Hoboken;" and of that marked "Ancram Lead Mines, Columbia County, New York."

A triumphant piece of "blind" reading reduced a trackless jungle of big and little letters to "192 North St. Et Et Et Boston, Mass.," and interpreted it as "192 North street, Boston, Massachusetts." One letter was addressed to "Feldvelteneszi," "Fayetteville, Tennessee." Another, from Tipperary, was addressed to "Koonagyo, Con., for 'Nauaguck, Connecticut.'" "To and Over Street, Salling," on a letter from Ballymore, Ireland, meant "2 Andover Street, Salem, Massachusetts." Also from Ireland came "Cranston Royal Irish," "Cranston, Rhode Island."

An important point in solving the problem of the foreign writer's intention is a knowledge of the sound values which the characters he writes would be likely to bear for him individually. A man who has become accurately familiar with Italian sounds sees at a glance that "Negiois," with the Italian values to the letters, exactly represents an illiterate Italian's attempt at the sounds which Americans write "New Jersey."

On an envelope with a Russian stamp, "Kreenpoynt" means "Greenpoint" for the Russian mouth is apt to substitute a labial for a dental consonant, and a K for a guttural G. Again, there is the wonderful postmark "Przezaxaw" on a letter to "Mis Karolina Janowska." One who has listened carefully to either Russian or Polish talk knows how a man of Przezaxaw would read aloud the line which follows the name: "Tu wot tu is Chander Ten stry;" it would sound something very like "Two forty-two East Hundred Tenth Street," which proved to be what was intended.

A Lost Idol. The papers say that a New York lawyer is suing a steamship company for \$2,500 damages for the loss of an Egyptian idol which he shipped to New York from Palermo. Times have changed since the hymn writer sang of the "dearest idol I have known, where'er that idol be," and pleaded to be relieved of it. Here's a man who wants his idol back—a pretty dear one at that. Better for him to be content with his damages. The average collector's attitude toward a good old Egyptian god must be almost too worshipping to be encouraged in a Christian country. The hymn writer's sentiment was safer.—Harper's Weekly.

A Real Friend. Miss Rougenoit—So he said he didn't like my eyebrows, eh? Miss Kraft—Yes, he said they were too dark.

The Ideal? "Yes, but I told him they weren't as black as they were painted."—Philadelphia Press.

Gift of Prophecy. Dick—I say, Harry, I suppose you haven't a dollar you want to lend me? Harry—By George, you've guessed right! Dick, with your ability to see into the future you ought to be worth your weight in money.—Boston Transcript.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE

Designed and Written Especially for This Paper.

HERE is a very pretty little cottage, which has an attractive appearance from all sides. The plans show a compact arrangement, while convenience has been the first consideration in the designing. Success in this, combined with a neat, well-proportioned exterior, gives us a combination which goes to make it attractive to all, and suitable for erection anywhere. For a person of moderate means, wishing a pleasant home, with the interior comfort and conveniences

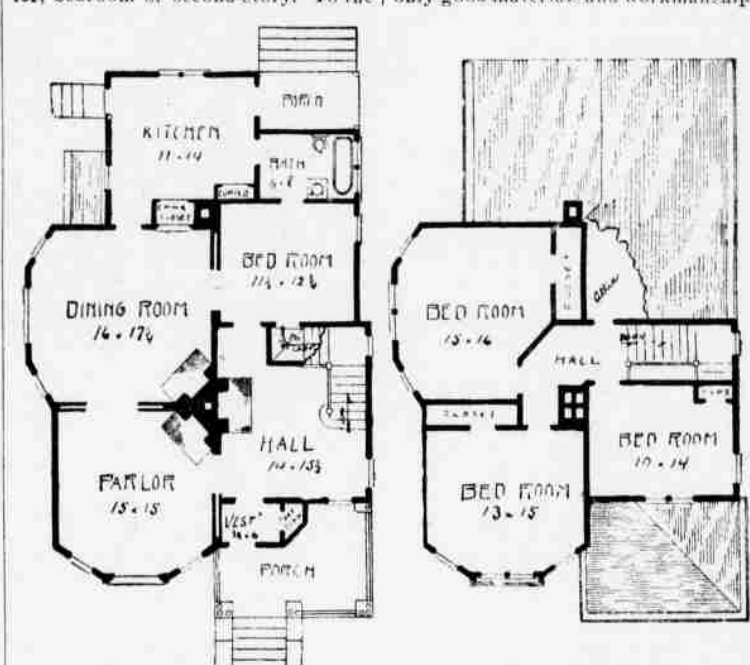


A NEAT AND TASTEFUL FAMILY RESIDENCE.

it contains, we can with confidence recommend this design. It is quite modern and contains a fair share of the modern conveniences.

There is a cellar under the whole house. The foundation walls are of stone and above the foundation the building is of wood. In the first story are handsome porches which will protect the entrances. From the front porch you pass through the vestibule to the stair hall, thence into the parlor, bedroom or second story. To the

over all, except front porch and steps. The height of the first story is nine feet six inches, and of the second story eight feet six inches. The outside walls are sheathed and papered and finished with half-inch siding. The painting and plastering are three coats. The house is trimmed throughout the first story inside with cypress wood, and the second story in white pine, all with natural finish. The house is of the best construction, using only good materials and workmanship.



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

rear of the parlor is the dining-room, and back of this the kitchen.

The parlor, hall and dining-room are connected by wide sliding doors, enabling them to be thrown together on occasion. The parlor and dining-room have beautiful bay fronts, which add to the cheerfulness of the rooms. There are also fireplaces with pretty mantels in these rooms and the hall. The china closet between the kitchen and dining-room opens from both sides. The base shelf is two feet six inches high, and above this the closet

The house has been built complete in Illinois for \$2,500, and would probably cost from this sum to \$3,000 in most places. This cottage is very suitable for a medium-sized family as a village or suburban residence. If it should be desired, the lower bedroom might be arranged, with a slight change allowing more light, to serve as a library, a clergyman's study, or as a physician's office, for all of which purposes it is well situated in relation to the front hall.

E. A. PAYNE.

THE POWER OF WATER.

In Certain Conditions One Pint Will Burst a Strong Cask as Quickly as Gunpowder.

A single pint of water will burst a strongly-built iron-booped cask as quickly as though a dozen ounces of gunpowder were exploded within it. It is a well-known law of physics that the pressure exerted by liquids increases in proportion to their depth. Suppose, therefore, that we have a strong cask filled with water and standing on end. The staves of this cask may be made to burst apart by adding a very small quantity of water to what is already in the cask.

As the cask is already full, some way of adding the water must be devised. To do this a hole is bored in the end or head of the cask, and a long tube of small diameter is inserted upright. At the upper end of the tube is a small funnel, into which water is poured until the tube becomes full, and when that point is reached the cask will burst.

This seems almost incredible, but it is only a demonstration of the law that has been cited. When the water is poured into the tube it unites with the water in the cask and the depth of the water is several times as great as it was in the cask alone. The fact that there is only a small quantity of water in the tube makes no difference, for it is now all one body, and its depth is gauged from the top of the tube to the bottom of the cask.

As a matter of fact, this experiment is only an artificial reproduction of what we know takes place in nature. Some of her greatest convulsions are caused by this very process. Suppose, for example, that there is a great mass of rock, under which there is a cavity filled with water that has no outlet. Suppose, moreover, that there is a crack extending from the surface of the ground through this mass of rock to the water-filled cavity underneath.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Is.

Will Lingtoo (reflectively)—I tell you, a man has got to take a good deal on trust in this world. Elbo Zonte (gloomily)—Got to? He's good and lucky if he can get it. Judge.

RULE WORKS ONE WAY.

The Valuation Clause in Express Shipping Provisions Is in Favor of the Company.

"What is the value?" asked an express agent in a Broadway office of a keen-eyed, sharp-nosed customer who had handed him a package to be sent to a western city. The man addressed did not answer at once, says the New York Herald, but glanced at a printed card on the wall that read: "Always state the value of your shipment."

"If I state the value will your company pay me that amount in case the package is lost?" asked the man in his turn.

"Certainly not, unless that is proved to be its value," answered the agent. "If I state the value, can I prove a greater value if it is lost?" "You will have to ask a lawyer that question," replied the agent.

"That isn't necessary, for I happen to know the law," said the shipper. "Your company is trying to establish an unfair rule, because it works only one way. You are right when you say that my statement cannot bind you, for in case of loss you can prove the value; but my statement would bind me, for the court would say I was 'estopped' by my declaration as to the value."

"If a shipper should undervalue his shipment, thinking that thereby he would reduce the charges, he would have to stand by his statement, and your notice is calculated to make him do that very thing. You can mark my shipment 'No value stated,' and then if we meet in the courts it will be on an equal footing."

Ambulance in Lamp Post. An ambulance in a lamp post is the latest Parisian idea in street contrivances.

It consists of an ornamental bronze box about 15 feet high, with a round, overhanging top resembling that of a lighthouse, and containing a clock-face barometer and three transparent pictorial advertisements revolving by clockwork and lighted by gas from within. In the base of the cylinder is a letter box, and in the shaft is a folding stretcher with printed directions for affording first aid to the injured. In case of a street accident the stretcher can be immediately obtained by breaking a small glass window just above the letter box, taking out the key and unlocking the receptacle.